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is emptied, to the exclusion of everything better, all the garbage of the generations that preceded it, and men are even officially appointed, and even anointed to carry this work forward, and to baptize it into a blessing. The few vigorous intellects that have risen, and do rise above this prostitution of our native faculties, pay the sad penalty of their naturally progressive natures by being crucified into that dowry of wisdom which comes from suffering. It is bad enough to procreatively inherit the infirmities and rottenness of our ancestors, bad enough to struggle under the sins which the unconsciousness of their moral obligations to us has entailed upon us, without having official men and sanctified institutions to rivet our chains, cast dust in our eyes, and strangle our best faculties in their germ. Walls of separation are built up between us and the things we ought to love, the charities we ought to cultivate, and the enlarged thoughts we ought to grow out of our minds. Words with us assume the gravity of things, they lie like an incubus upon our faculties, blast their healthy exercise, warp us into shrivelled bigots, dwarf the opening powers of our hearts, and render us drivelling idiots at the very portals of complete and enlightened manhood.

All these things darkly and startlingly come before us, although the earth is shaking under the ponderous machinery of material prosperity, success, and glory, although the ocean is covered with the wealth of nations, and the intellect is about to send its thoughts through the dark caverns of the eternal deep. But let us not despair! The ever swelling, ever increasing wave of progress, goes slowly, but perpetually on; through all its apparent halts, variations, and meanderings, its bright coronal is to be seen with the imperishable hopes and aspirations of humanity attached thereto.

#### BUBBLES.

Was there ever on this planet cheaper toy  
Than a pipe and soap and water? O, what joy  
Blowing bubbles in the sunlight, blue-eyed boy!

Worlds of wonder out of nothing thou hast made,  
Spheres of beauty in the iris dyes arrayed;  
Quickly fashioned, if they quickly fade.

Shame upon us! we tho' older now must own,  
Counting all the cost of bubbles we have blown,  
That the yield of joy was smaller than thine own.

Some have blown far beyond our reach, far on the wind;  
Others quickly broke and left no grief behind,  
As from each of thine that breaks, a tear we find.

Conqueror or prince, or poet—rich or poor,  
King on throne, or lazar begging at the door,  
Has but just such hope-fulfilment here,—no more.

Can it be that, in the golden light of heaven,  
This fair earth so full of beauty morn and even,  
Shall like these frail things to nothing too be driven?

So 'tis written, and we credit. "Papa, dear!  
Will the bubbles break in heaven, as they do here?"  
"No, my darling: there, the leaves are never sear." B.

## Notes and Queries.

BENSON G. LOSSING, Esq., *Poughkeepsie.*

NEW YORK, 7th July, 1857.

DEAR SIR.—You requested me some time ago to communicate to you in writing as a matter worthy of historic preservation, the anecdote which I related to you respecting a small portrait of Washington, on the authority of the late John Pintard. There is so wide and strong an interest in all that relates to our great national hero, and of late especially in relation to his appearance and countenance as preserved by various artists, that in complying with your request, I shall take the liberty of doing it in print.

The late John Pintard is gratefully remembered in this city for his long connection with all our city interests, and his liberal and devoted services to many of our institutions—commercial, charitable, religious, and literary. During the Revolution he left Princeton College, where he was a student, to serve as a volunteer in the Jersey line of the Continental army, and he was afterwards, until the end of the war, in that service as an officer in the Commissary department. When the first Congress under our present Constitution sat in New York, and Washington resided here as President, he was an active member of our city corporation, zealously engaged in its affairs, especially in making those arrangements (such as building the old "Federal Hall," etc.) which were proper to provide for the accommodation of the new government of the Union, and to induce its permanent location at New York. I mention these circumstances to show that Mr. Pintard was an excellent authority as to the fact he stated, and as well as to the fidelity of any likeness of Washington as President or general.

Joseph Wright was a native of New Jersey, a son of Mrs. Wright, celebrated in her day (about 1770-1795) for her successful modelling of likenesses in wax. She was, I fancy, the only worker in that line who ever attained the character and rank of an artist, which she certainly enjoyed in England. He was taken to England in his youth, and was brought up as a painter under the care and instruction of West, a near friend of his family, and of Hoppner, a good and popular painter of that day, who married his sister. Wright became respectable as a portrait painter, and followed that business for a time in London and also a little in Paris, under the countenance of Franklin. Some time before the peace of 1783 Wright returned to his native country, and was from that time employed professionally in New York and Philadelphia, until, upon the establishment of the mint of the United States, he was appointed by Washington as the draughtsman and die-sinker of the establishment. Consequently, the first coins of the United States, and, I presume, the first of the series of the Presidential medals, were from his designs. He died of the yellow fever in its terrible visitation of Philadelphia in 1793. Washington had sat to Wright twice for portraits soon after his arrival in this country. One of these was a full-length, now in possession of the son of the late Hare Powell, for whose family it was painted. This seems to have been painted before the peace of 1783. Washington sat again to Wright in 1784 for a portrait to be sent to Europe, to the Count de Solms. Some years after, when Washington had been inaugurated President, Wright, according to my recollection of Mr. Pintard's relation, was anxious to procure another sitting for some special purpose, probably to execute a commission from England. The President was fully occupied with the

duties of his station and the organization of the new form of government, and was besides wearied out by his unavoidable engagements with artists whom he could not refuse—Houdon, Cerrachi, Trumbull, and Stewart. He was, therefore, obliged to refuse a sitting to Wright. The President was a regular attendant at St. Paul's Church, Broadway, where a canopied pew had been prepared for his reception. It stood against the wall in the north aisle, about half way down, and was decorated with the United States arms, as will be remembered by many an old citizen, for it stood until some twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Wright being determined on his purpose, obtained permission of the occupant of the pew immediately opposite, to use that position for a Sunday morning or two to take a deliberate miniature profile likeness of the President in crayon, as he sat gravely attentive. I do not know whether he painted any large portrait in oil or in crayon from the small likeness thus obtained; but he etched it himself, and published it here printed on a card; the only copy of which that I ever saw I gave some years ago to the New York Historical Society.

Mr. Pintard attested to the fidelity of the resemblance; and Dunlap also speaks of it as very like, for this must be the etching to which he refers, though he seems to have thought that it was executed before the peace or the disbanding the army, which I think that the plate itself contradicts. The same profile was also engraved in England, by Collyer, in the size of an ordinary book plate. I have a copy of this without any inscription below (before the letters), and therefore have no indication to the precise date. It is in uniform, which, as Washington did not appear in that costume in his presidency, might refer it to an earlier date; but his fame being as yet mainly as the military chief, it was natural that his likeness should have this costume, as it is also found in Trumbull's and other portraits of the same period.

It is also said by Dunlap, and often repeated in print, that Wright also took a mould from Washington's face, which was accidentally broken. This has been contradicted on good authority, and there is reason to believe that Houdon's was the only actual mould or mask. From this his excellent head was modelled. The evidence may be well reconciled by the conjecture that Wright endeavored to make an experiment of his hereditary talent by modelling a bust from life, which proved unsatisfactory and was broken.

There has been published at Boston, not long ago, a small engraving, of about the same size with that of Wright's; it is of Washington as he appeared while reviewing the Continental army on Boston Common, in 1776. It was taken by N. Fullerton, then a miniature painter, at Boston, and, as is said, without any advantage of a near sitting. It is in profile, and a good deal like to the profile of Wright, allowing for the difference made by the lapse of fifteen years. It has to my eye less of dignity and public care in the expression, and except in the mere outline, less of individuality. It is, however, valuable as one of the parts of independent evidence, which go to confirm the truth of Houdon's likeness in marble. Wright's profile agrees with that of Houdon's, and though generally corresponding with the other busts and pictures of the chief (for none of them can be much unlike him) it least resembles that of Stewart on canvas, and Cerrachi in marble.

We learn from Dunlap (*History of the Arts in America*) that Washington sat to the same artist, Wright, in 1784, for a portrait to be sent by himself to the Count de Solms, for his "collection of military characters," as the General expresses it in

his letter to Wright of that year. Who was this Count de Solms? What was this collection? Was it the gallery of a wealthy nobleman or a collection to be engraved? What became of this portrait?

The only clue given to this inquiry is, that the portrait was to be sent to the count through the Saxon envoy in London, thus indicating De Solms to be a German noble. I endeavored the other day to follow out this clue by means of the indices to such historical and genealogical works as I could find in the Astor Library. I came only to the conjectural conclusion that this was the Count Lewis de Solms, or the Graf von Ludwig Solms, a distinguished officer in the Prussian service, of whom a biography was written in German fifty years ago, the title of which is given by Cettenger, in his elaborate "Biographical Bibliography." I mention this, in the hope that some additional incident, anecdote, or correspondence relating to Washington, may be found in the volume of which Cettenger gives the date and title, or elsewhere, in some other memorial of this or some other Count de Solms, or Graf von Solms, for there seems to have been several of that family name of some prominence. Wright's portrait, which was painted for his collection, was doubtless most carefully executed, and should be traced, and perhaps deserves to be copied and engraved.

I am yours, truly,

G. C. VERPLANCK.

#### Editor of the Crayon:

THE Virgilian controversies in THE CRAYON and New York *Evening Post*, have amused and interested some readers more conversant with modern languages and their literature, than with the minutiae of classical learning, by the variety of translation of the same passages given by poets of different times and countries. I now wish to add to that interest by contributing two additional versions of one of the passages lately discussed, which have accidentally fallen in my way.

The first is by *Soane*, a modern Italian translator, who has the reputation of being more faithful as well as more uniformly elegant than his more celebrated predecessor, Hanibal Caro. Soave takes the word *sinus* in the contested line "inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos," in the sense of "bays" as is done by most English and French translators. He thus translates:

Net cavo fianco di corrose monte  
E una larga apunela, ove dal vento  
Spesso l'onde del mare vengono sospente  
E scompansi fra i chiechi ascosi seni.

But on the other hand Don Juan de Guzman, who has translated Virgil into pure and noble Castilian, understands the words in the sense maintained by your correspondent V.

His translation of the passage in the *Georgics* runs thus:

Una gran cueva posta esta en un lado  
De un muy gastado monte, do' con viento  
El agua es impelida y se quebranta  
La onda con refluxos muy revueltos.

I shall not be tempted to enter farther into the controversy, but content myself with furnishing this additional evidence that there are two sides to the question. Yours, G.

#### To the Crayon:

Two modern poets have hit upon the same metaphor—

"And groping through the darkness, touched God's hand."

GERALD MASSEY'S "*Long Expected*."

"Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness."

LONGFELLOW'S *Introd. Hiawatha*.

I think I have seen something similar in one of the old English dramatists, and would like to know in whom and where?

J.